I thought the ſoyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing ſich.
For eyther the ſhepeheards bene pole and ſtill,
And ledde of theyr ſheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene falſe, and full of couetiſe,
And caſten to compaſſe many wrong empriſe.
But the more bene fraight with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They ſaye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my ſoule I dare vnderfaye,
They neuer ſette foote in that ſame troade,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the deuill at commaund:
But aſke hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of ſorrowe.
But they han ſold thilk ſame long agoe:
For thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, ſo let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee ſpeake not ſo dirke.
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt what,
Badde is the beſt (this engliſh is flatt.)
Their ill hauiour garres men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They ſayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her ſhepheards bene beaſtly and blont.
Other ſayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden ſhame of theyr cote.
Some ſticke not to ſay, (whote cole on her tongue)

That

That ſike miſchiefe graſeth hem em
All for they caſten too much of world
To deck her Dame, and enrich her
For ſuch encheaſon, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you ſhall eſ
The fatte Ore, that wont ligge in th
Is nowe faſt ſtalled in her crumenall
Thus chatten the people in theyr ſte
Plike as a Monſter of many heads.
But they that ſhooten neereſt the pri
Sayne, other the fat from their beard
For bigge Bulles *of Baſan* brace he
That with theyr hornes butten the n
But the leane ſoules treaden vnder f
And to ſeeke redreſſe mought little b
For liker bene they to pluck away m
Then ought of the gotten good to re
For they bene like foule wagmoires
That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to wind it out thou doeſt ſ
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper
Yet better leaue of with a little loſſe
Then by much wreſtling to leeſe the

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt
Better it were, a little to feyne,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cur
Such il, as is forced, mought nedes b
But of like paſtoures howe done the

Diggon.

Sike as the ſhepheards, ſike bene h
For they nill liſten to the ſhepheard
But if he call hem at theyr good cho
They wander at will, and ſtrap at ple
And to theyr foldes yeeld at their ow
But they had be better come at their
For many han into miſchiefe fall,